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UNITY

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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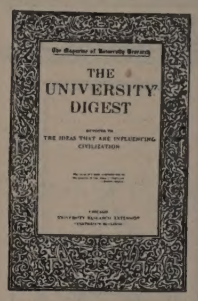

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII | THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1907 | NUMBER 19

O God, my master God, look down and see
If I am making what Thou wouldst of me.
Fain might I lift my hands up in the air
From the defiant passion of my prayer;
Yet here they grope on this cold altar stone,
Graving the words I think I should make known.
Mine eyes are Thine. Yea, let me not forget,
Lest with unstaunched tears I leave them wet,
Dimming their faithful power, till they not see
Some small, plain task that might be done for Thee.
My feet, that ache for paths of flowery bloom,
Halt steadfast in the straitness of this room.
Though they may never be on errands sent,
Here shall they stay, and wait Thy full content.
And my poor heart, that doth so crave for peace,
Shall beat until Thou bid its beating cease.
So, Thou dear master God, look down and see
Whether I do Thy bidding heedfully.

—*Alice Brown.*

The *Congregationalist* quotes aptly President Harper's saying, "I never beg; I give opportunities." When money-makers, great or small, begin to realize that their money gives them but an inadequate right to a partnership in a concern that has been created by thought, sustained by love, and must continue to be directed by consecrated intelligence, the quicker will they find the true use of their money and the more anxious they will be to seek investments that will be worth while in industries that last.

The *Pacific Unitarian* is still at work in reconstructing the mailing list that was swept away by what it calls the "fireclone," and asks all those who have not received their numbers to communicate with the Unitarian headquarters, now established at Franklin and Geary streets, San Francisco. We are glad to extend the publicity, for many readers of UNITY were also patrons of our Pacific Coast contemporary. But we hope the word "fireclone" will not spread. It is bad enough to have the fire and the cyclone, but let us hope that they will not be compounded often enough to need such a compounding, if not confounding, of words.

It was "Bishop" McCabe, but it is "Chaplain" McCabe that is enshrined in the hearts of unnumbered thousands who survive him. To the Methodist he became a Bishop at last, but to the American citizen, irrespective of name, he was the sweet singer of Israel, the caroling Chaplain. His song books, according to the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, have had a combined circulation of not less than two million. His logic may not have been clear, his theology may have been obsolete, but his voice was winning and commanding. He sang people into the Kingdom,—perhaps the only way by which the Kingdom can be obtained. The nature of the tune may vary, but there is always a lyrical element in the virtuous life. Morality is rhythmical and the Golden Rule is in the nature of a lyric; it can easily be set to music.

Is this a true picture? Do the facts warrant this account of a grewsome triumph of William Rockefeller? We find it in Maxwell's *Talisman*, clipped from *Ridgeway's* for November 17. We print it because we would like to have it contradicted as to fact; or if facts they are, we would like to have such conduct justified in ethics and squared with the Christian pretense of human brotherhood and loyalty to a common father:

> Another Rockefeller victory fails to be celebrated. This time the bays rest on the brow of William Rockefeller, he of the vast estate in the Adirondacks, to round out which estate he wiped out a village. Within the law, always within the law, he instituted a campaign of petty persecution against the inhabitants of the little town of Brandon who refused to sell out to him. The late Postmaster General Payne courteously took away the Brandon postoffice to oblige his friend Rockefeller and substituted for it another, in the heart of the Rockefeller preserve. The Rockefeller keepers drove from the mountains the children who picked blueberries there and the blueberries rotted on the bushes—thousands of them. Rockefeller bars and Rockefeller trespass signs appeared across immemorial forests, highways, in the truest sense of the word, and now the high court of the State of New York has decided for Rockefeller against old Oliver Lamora, the one man who defied him and maintained his right to fish in a Rockefeller bounded waterway which had been stocked with trout at the state's expense. Three times Lamora has been hauled to court on a charge of trespass. His struggling fellow woodsmen have helped to pay his expenses. A local lawyer gave his services for nothing, but patience and persistence won. The last inhabitant of Brandon will now go, and his house will be razed, as the rest of the village has been razed. Like the Roman conquerers, Rockefeller makes a solitude and calls it peace. Now let us all join in glad triumph, after which the invested rights class will intone the lesson for the day, beginning, "What a strange, incredible and wholly abominable thing is class hatred."

G. Wharton James, the skillful interpreter of the desert and the author of many attractive books on the scenes and life of Southern California, delivered a most interesting illustrated lecture at Lincoln Centre, Chicago, last week on "The Salton Sea." The lecture was the result of personal observation, Mr. James and his party being among the very few men who have sailed through the tempestuous "break" and down the growing inland sea. The battle which he outlined is more graphically described in detail in the January *Open Court* by Prof. E. L. Larkin, of the Lowe Ob-

servatory. The tale is a most thrilling one. The article in question describes the battle as won at exact noon on the fourth day of November last, when the new river ceased to rise at the heading and then began promptly to fall. The mighty dam, 3,000 feet long, 250 to 350 feet wide and 44 feet high, had forced back the terrible torrents and the Colorado river had slunk back into the old bed which it had deserted for this older bed of a prehistoric river, all because some hasty contractor or greedy capitalist defied the dictum of the engineer and founded the first sluice gate, that was to irrigate the great Imperial valley, seven feet above the safety point. But unfortunately the brilliant fight, compared by Professor Larkin to the struggle at Gettysburg, was not final. Since the writing of this article, on December 10, there was another "break" through the million-dollar dyke and another fight is on. The citizens of Imperial offer a million dollars, the Southern Pacific railroad a million and a half more, and two million is expected from the United States congress, making in all four and a half millions of dollars of further investment to rectify the blunders of greed, to atone for the stupidity of capital, and then perhaps nature will triumph and a new sea, three hundred miles long, will reconstruct the map, and that will be only a common event in the geological history of this globe.

A Hungarian prelate of the Catholic church discusses the question, "Will Japan ever be converted to Christianity?" in the *Deutsch Revue*. His opinion is given in the January *Review of Reviews*. This prelate takes a hopeful view of the situation. He argues against the impression which just now seems to be the popular one in the United States,—that the Japanese are essentially materialistic, utilitarian and, according to Dooley, "the greatest liars in the world." The way the Japanese masses have been influenced in the past by Shintoism, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, and their pacific attitude towards Christianity, leads this writer to surmise that a nation that made "Buddhism a national religion by an imperial mandate and where Shintoism was decreed by an act of parliament, may one day reach the point of recognizing the truth of the Christian religion, which will then take such hold of the people that they will accept its divine verities as *one* man." The ardor of this good friar fails to take account of the fact that science has also been taken seriously by the Japanese and that the scientific spirit is abroad, which will forever preclude fifty million people from thinking as *one* man. There is another alternative for the Japanese, religiously considered, and that is the rationalistic spirit that will intelligently recognize the fact that there are common elements in all these religions and that these universal elements deal with the profundities of ethics and the aspirations of the human soul. May it not be that in Japan that conception of religion which alone satisfies the academic minds and the emancipated souls in Europe and America today will find its freest and fullest expression in an organized way in Japan which is rapidly tending, not towards the Christianity of the creeds, but that Christianity with the universal plus that magnifies the deed above the creed; subordinates the name to the thing; seeks and uses not one but many interchangeable labels. Buddhism and Christianity, Judaism and Confucianism, already meet and join hands in lasting fraternity in the scholar's study, at the altar of the devout and in the practices of the loyal. May we not hope that Japan may be able to give to its common people this highest and most satisfying conception of religion.

The extracts published in the January *Review of Reviews*, entitled "A Spanish view of why we have failed in the Philippines," are trying reading for the American citizen, but pride should not prevent our President, cabinet and congress from looking these facts in the face through other eyes, even though they be eyes clarified by a worse failure and a more ignoble defeat. The editor of the *Review of Reviews* says that these are the views of "one thoroughly familiar with his subject from a temperamental as well as from a scholastic standpoint." This writer calls attention to why the American politicians who visited these unfortunate islands have been "too easily carried away by enthusiasm when at some little banquet, where only a half-dozen persons understood what they were saying, they addressed the Filipino people just as they would have addressed the American people in speaking before an American audience." The Spanish writer assumes what most American writers assume,—that for the United States to turn these people over to their own destiny would only leave them the prey of other more greedy and less competent powers. We do not believe that this is the only alternative, at least not until another is tried. The Skandanavian Powers have recently been "neutralized." Like Holland and Switzerland, they have been exempted by a compact of the "Powers" from military invasion, their rights are to be protected by the mutual vigilance of those who enter into the compact. Is not this possible for the Philippines, and in such a compact may not the United States still hold the ascendancy as "the big brother," which role it has clumsily assumed? If an outside protectorate should be necessary now or at any other time, it would seem as though the Japanese government, both for geographic and race reasons, is the natural candidate for such responsibility. But the choice of the time and the nation for such a protectorate may safely be left to the people themselves. It is not expected that under such circumstances Boston institutions will promptly spring up in Manila. Life in Luzon will remain as it now is,—something far different from that in Massachusetts. But civilization cannot be injected into the veins of even the dreamy islanders of the Pacific Ocean hypodermically. Where life is low and shiftless the government will be the

same, and a poor home government will do more for the home people than the best foreign government that can ever be injected into the veins of a reluctant people by military prowess. The cry of the Philippines that should be heard at the gates of the White House is the cry of Moses at the courts of Pharoah three thousand and more years ago,—"Let my people go!" though it be into the wilderness and the pathetic wanderings incident thereto. Not rashly or ignobly, but heroically and with a grave sense of responsibility, let the United States begin to correct the costly blunder; to undo the mischief perpetrated in a moment of military excitement and the mistaken and misinterpreted "vicissitudes of war."

The *Pacific Unitarian* for December contains a discriminating and interesting article from the pen of Rev. E. H. Wilbur, president of the Pacific Unitarian Theological School, on "The Most Artistic Church of the West," which he finds to be the little Unitarian church at Berkeley. With careful, critical touch he discovers the unfitness of classical models for purposes of common worship in the western world. He says they yield "rather religious monuments, their beauty on the exterior, and the rites performed within were the affairs of the priest rather than of the people." Of the Gothic he says: "It is a style native to Europe; it has never been fully domesticated in America. In California above all it would be only a beautiful exotic." For this reason Mr. A. C. Schweinfurth, a California architect, conceived something characteristic for the time and place. "As might be expected," Mr. Wilbur continues, "there were Philistines in Berkeley (perhaps some still remain) who are more struck by the unusual design of the church than by its beauty or its fitness, who suggested that it looked like a power house. This invited the natural retort that that was just what it was designed for,—to generate power for light, and warmth and activity. And there was a traditional Sunday School child who saw in it only 'God's barn' as contrasted with the 'House of God,' which she thought final. But the longer the church has stood the more residents have appreciated it and have been proud of it as one of the most attractive and characteristic specimens of Berkeley architecture." The old masters and prelates of the church-building age have always been confronted by such critics. Any departure from the traditional Basilican type was once an indignity to art as well as to the sanctities. The Gothic won its way only in turn to assume the same tyranny of convention. The truth is, the virility of any message and the vitality of any movement, in religion as elsewhere, must eventually make good its claim in these directions by clothing itself with adequate garment. It is only in the absence of the creative spirit that the conventional form obtains, and in the absence of such a spirit conventional architecture is not only justified but desirable, for it will at least carry a traditional sanctity.

The Open Court's Twentieth Anniversity

The *Open Court* for January begins its twentieth year and we congratulate it on its splendid twenty years of life. Outside the publications of learned societies and universities, we know of no publication that has held itself so steadily to high academic tasks with such splendid indifference to popular taste, advertising conditions, or financial results. We know not which most to admire in this high achievement,—the persistence and serenity of the scholarly editor, Dr. Paul Carus, or the patient, generous backing of the publisher, E. C. Hegeler, the capitalist, who has not all these years been ashamed to back a thing that "does not pay;" to invest in a non-commercial enterprise. Truly, Dr. Carus and Mr. Hegeler together have constituted a missionary society devoted to the propagation of religious ideals and sympathies, which make the achievements of many more pretentious missionaries seem provincial, inadequate and foolish. The range of the *Open Court* has been great,—from Buddhism to mathematics, from evolution to Brahmanism. Its contributors have reached from Oxford to Tokio and they have dealt with questions reaching from evolution to incarnation. Its contributions have not always been available to the "common reader"; its reasonings have not always been clear or convincing even to the trained mind, but they have always been earnest and fair-minded as well as open-minded, and they have justified the claim of the editor in the Retrospect and Prospect with which the twenty-first volume opens. UNITY finds itself so in accord with the contentions so well and so fairly stated in the editorial entitled "A Retrospect and a Prospect," that we make room for extracts from the same below and would gladly make the words our own.

The frontispiece of this number is a fitting as well as a beautiful one,—a reproduction of the picture—"Columbus Ridiculed." It shows a jolly company of well-fed and over-fed monks convulsed with laughter over the preposterous claims of the man who sits defiant in his desertion, with his maps unrolled at his feet. The picture, the *Open Court,* and its more ponderous quarterly companion, the *Monist,* justify the lines of Schiller which are thus translated in the columns of the January number:

> "Sail, O thou sailor courageous!
> Ne'er mind that the wit will deride thee.
> And that thy boatswain will drop
> Wearied of work at the helm.
> Sail, O sail on for the West:
> There the land must emerge from the ocean.
> As thy vaticinal mind
> Clearly perceiveth e'en now.
> Trust to the God who thee leadeth,
> And cross the mysterious ocean.
> Did not the land there exist,
> Now would it rise from the deep.
> Truly with genius Nature
> Has made an eternal alliance,
> What he has promised, forsooth,
> She, without fail, will fulfil."

The Open Court Publishing Company was founded to serve as a center for an earnest and thoroughgoing reformation of religion under the influence of science, and in working to this end it has combined a fearless radicalism with a reverent con-

servatism. Its founder as well as its manager, together with most of its friends, are convinced that this is the only correct attitude, and that, therefore, the publications of the Open Court Publishing Company are leading in the right direction on the path of progress, foreordained in the history of mankind by the law of evolution.

The *Open Court* discusses the philosophical problems of God and soul, of life and death, and life after death, the problems of the origin of man and the significance of religion, and the nature of morality, occasionally including political and social life, without, however, entering into party questions.

Since we cannot build up the future without comprehending the present, and since the present has grown from the past and finds its explanation in the history of bygone ages, we deem it necessary to discuss not only philosophical problems, but to enter also into the questions of the history of religion, presenting the results of Biblical research, of Babylonian and Egyptian excavations, the religions of Egypt, of India and of China, and kindred topics, all of which directly or indirectly throw light on the origin and significance of our own religion today. None of them, be it ever so remote in space or time, but possesses some intense interest to us, either by having contributed to the makeup of our own souls or by affording a parallel to the development of Christianity, or even constituting a contrast to it, so as to become interesting on account of its very difference.

This is an age of science. Science is surely though slowly transforming the world. Science reveals to us the secrets of nature and explains the constitution of the universe as regulated by unfailing law. Science guides the inventor's hands and makes things possible which in former days were deemed attainable only by magic.

Science is the attainment of truth through methods of exact inquiry. Its aim is a statement of truth verified by rational proof, by experience, and experiment.

The influence of science upon practical life is not limited to the domains of industry, commerce, transportation, and the methods of communication by mail, telegraph, telephone, etc., but extends also to the intellectual and moral fields. It does away with ignorance, narrowness and bigotry, but while it overcomes superstition, it will not usher in an age of irreligion; on the contrary, it will make the future more intensely religious, for under our very eyes it is bringing about a salutary and much needed reformation.

To a superficial observer the spread of unbelief may appear to be a symptom of decay, foreboding a final dissolution of religion, but a deeper insight will reveal the fact that we live in a stage of transition, and the disintegration of dogmatism is merely preparatory to a reconstruction of our religious faith on a firmer foundation,—firmer because truer, and it is a reconstruction because it will discard only the errors of the past, but not the good that it contains, not the old ideals, the moral endeavor, and the serious spirit of religious aspirations.

* * * * * *

We must not identify religion with the religious superstitions of the past; we must bear in mind that all progress leads to truth through error. Truth,—in science, as well as in religion,—is first groped after in a search which instinctively divines the right solution and formulates it first in a childlike way, then more and more clearly, until finally an exact statement becomes possible.

The path to truth naturally passes through myth and allegory, through a representation in parables, through mysticism and other visionary approximations, to a scientific comprehension of the actual state of things, and this law of intellectual evolution holds good not only for religion, but also for the sciences and the arts.

Science has not originated fully equipped and ready made as Athene came with her entire armament from the head of Zeus. The mythological period was as much an indispensable phase in the history of science as in the history of religion. Alchemy prepared the way for chemistry, and a close scrutiny of the history of knowledge will reveal that this law of gradual development holds good for all the sciences, indeed for all the different domains of life and also for religion.

* * * * * *

Religion is ultimately sentiment, but it is also thought and will. It is in command of the three H's, the Heart, the Head, and the Hand. As sentiment it resides in the Heart, as thought it directs the work of the Head, as will it guides the Hand. In different men it will manifest itself differently in one way or another, but it will not be perfect unless it dominates the whole man, his heart, his head, and his hand.

* * * * * *

The different religions appear from this standpoint as aspirations all striving to reach the same goal. They are by no means equal, for very few of them appreach, much less attain, to their common ideal. They differ in many respects, especially in their general attitude toward the world. Sometimes the attitude in religion is a matter of interpretation, and it may happen that two sects of different religions possess the same general attitude and thereby become more akin the one to the other than each of them is to other sects of its own faith. Aside from differences of attitude there is an agreement among the several religions in moral maxims which is well-nigh universal, and has given a strong support to the view that they are, the moral maxims, are the essential feature of religious life.

* * * * * *

Mankind is one and has the tendency to become one more and more. Families coalesce into tribes, tribes combine into nations, and nations develop international relations from which a cosmopolitan spirit is bound to spring; and as it is in politics so it will be in religion. Rituals and symbols may vary according to taste, historical tradition, and opinion, but the essence of religion can only be one, it must be and remain one and the same among all nations, and they all search for this common ideal, the religion of truth pure and undefiled. The sooner mankind recognizes it, the better it will be for progress, welfare, and all international relations, for it will bring "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace toward the men of good-will."

Dr. Hyde's Platform

What you say of Dr. Hyde's platform for modern Christians is kindly and generous. It seems to get rid of the dogmatic, but does it? When a company of people get together and resolve that they will, what they will gets to be a creed, whether nominally or not. However, it is a good thing to have thrown out a great lot of medievalism and orientalism, which has been outlived and has no place in modern life. The chief difficulty with the creeds in our churches as they now exist is that they do not fit to our needs. They did their work, and to a certain extent were credible in their day. They were the best expressions of the centuries in which they were born. They should have died long ago. Calvinism is out of place in this day precisely as the scientific doctrines of the sixteenth century and seventeenth are useful only as matters of history.

But why have a platform as long as a sermon? If we read Dr. Hyde's articles correctly they need boiling down and digesting. Article number one is nothing but Shelley read backward, or turned inside out. It practically says we will not love nor serve a God who does not will the good of all his children, and when obeyed make earth a heaven. The sentiment is good enough, but it is argumentative. We should skip numbers two and three entirely and in writing number four we should feel that we were putting up an argument against the trusts and selfish corporators. In other words, we are putting into a religious form what Roosevelt puts into his message. Number five is again argumentative. It seems to say, There is a latent good in every man, however base he may be, and we think that by showing God's kindness to such people we shall find them capable of a response. But number six refuses forgiveness and denies God's forgiveness to a wrongdoer until he is heartily ashamed of himself and sorry for the wrong he has done. We are inclined to think that we can do a good deal better than that and that God is doing better than that all the time. Number seven is certainly admirable in spirit, but slightly scholastic when

it talks of carrying God's gifts of patience and fortitude into pruned and chastened lives.

But when we come to number nine we really begin at church affairs. It is the first article that deals with organic work. It proposes a community of persons united in love to God and man, under such officers and organic forms and such modes of worship as experience or expediency may suggest, and it will exclude from fellowship nobody but those that exclude themselves by ignorance and selfishness. Frankly, we do not believe that any such organization ever was or ever will be formed. To exclude from fellowship the mean and unlovely is simply an impossibility. Say all the good we can of church members, under the very best conditions, and we find a very positive unlovely element inside. The proposition in number eleven to cherish as sacred all writings which clearly set forth God's will as the guide to conduct and the secret of blessedness, would create a good-sized library for the coming church. And why the Bible, taken as a whole, as Dr. Hyde takes it, should stand in the place of highest reverence, we do not quite understand. It might be well to select some books from the Hebrew Scriptures as super-eminent, but we imagine there would be some difficulty even over the Gospels.

When the platform comes into what might be called the third division, to settle affairs of daily life, it compromises very conveniently with a strict view of the Sabbath, by agreeing not only to set apart one day in seven, but portions of every day, to cultivate and communicate the sense of the presence of God. We cannot see any possible reason why this presence and guidance of our Father should not be the inspiration of every hour of every day. When in plank thirteen we agree to give a "fair share of our income to the extension of God's kingdom in missions and settlements, beyond the range of our immediate circle, and the reach of our individual efforts," we have come to a matter of distinction without a difference. These missions and settlements are within our circle; at least a good many of them might be. And will any two or three agree as to what a "fair share" is? The agreement in number fourteen to coöperate with all other churches in the worship and service of God amounts to very little more, if anything, than we find in operation everywhere. Coöperation depends upon degree for its value. We have too much coöperation of an ecclesiastical sort, and too little of the humane practical living sort. Number sixteen gives us a rather novel and somewhat expository view of dietetics and sanitary affairs. It proposes to use "as God's good gifts the things that are pleasant and healthful" and discard those that are corrupt and degrading—but leaving to each individual conscience the decision what to accept and what to forego. In other words, the question of buckwheat cakes and champagne will remain just about where they do today.

We might go on with this analysis and should only end by being accused of hypercriticism. We have no spirit of that sort in what we say. We simply think that Dr. Hyde should have boiled down this whole affair and eliminated a very large amount of indifferent material, as well as material capable of too wide an interpretation. We like immensely number nineteen, which declares, "We will strive for those conditions of healthfulness and beauty, intelligence and morality, wholesome companionship and recreation, which are God's will for the local community." This is an admirably worded plank, and although it might take in baseball, and just possibly football under reformed rules, it is an article that we need, and the spirit of it is exactly up to date. Wholesomeness, wholth or health is the earthly side of all religion. The platform is good reading and tentatively points the way to a better understanding among upward lookers.

E. P. Powell.

A Message from Judea

Across the years and distance wide,
  Across the continent and the main,
Through all the changes that divide,
  The message comes to us again

Of Him who, 'midst the accusing band
  That stood the erring one before,
Stooped down and wrote with sinless hand
  His law to sinners,—*Sin no more.*

Oh, firmer than the sculptured stone
  That sacred message ever stands,
The one line writ by Him alone,
  Eternal in the shifting sands;

Eternal, though the trampled mould
  Had but a single hour sufficed
Within its fading shape to hold
  The massage of the living Christ.

For glad tongues spread it far and wide,
  And told it o'er and o'er again;
And thus it ever shall abide,
  Engraven in the hearts of men.

He loved not sin, yet He forgave
  The doer of the deed abhorr'd;
His justice lifted hands to save,
  Not menaced with a glittering sword.

In laws of Love he did descry
  Our frail humanity's best hope;
Not in the rule of eye for eye,
  Not in the ax, the stake, the rope.

Oh, ye, who take Christ's name, yet fear
  To follow where He led the way,
Why should ye doubt His precepts clear
  For guidance in your little day?

Oh, if indeed to do His will,
  And walk His ways be your desire,
Seek not to make His good an ill,
  Mercy a cheat, and Christ a liar.

If wrong could ever right a wrong,
  Or life could be by death restored,
How had the ills the centuries throng
  Been banished from thine earth, O Lord!

Oh, listen to the gentler voice
  That bids all hate and violence cease;
And trust sad Earth may yet rejoice
  Within the blessed reign of Peace.

—*Francis Fisher Browne.*

In the Christmas Number of Unity appeared Edwin Markham's poem, "The Great Guest Comes," for which credit should have been given to the *Delineator,* from whose pages it was copied.—Ed.

THE PULPIT

Lessons from Nineteen Hundred and Six

ANNUAL REVIEW.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, JANUARY 6, 1907.

The favorite preaching of the old school was expository. The peculiar function of the pulpit was taken to be the expounding of texts; the final argument of the preacher was the text. It was his business to explain the ambiguous verse and to point the moral and make the application of the Bible parable and paragraph. This definition of the pulpit's function was justified on the theory that God's message to man was in words; that his revelation was written, and that the question of "How readest thou?" was the primal one. But if the divine is revealed in things more than in texts, if the growing revelation of God to man is found in the unfolding history of the race, in the expanding and accumulating experiences of the human soul, in the triumphs of the human mind, then the province of the pulpit is immeasurably widened; but it is still expository; the preacher is still an interpreter of Bible texts. But even now the Bible is the unbound record of human progress, the unquestioned facts of experience, the realities of the world, it is still a question of chapter and verse, but the chapters in this book are the unfolding years, the verses of which are the months and days in the same.

It is, then, quite in the province of the pulpit, as I understand it, to offer some comment, to attempt some interpretation of that latest chapter in God's book of revelation, the latest rolling year, which in the Christian calendar is numbered "1906."

Numerous facts and figures have already been spread before you by the daily papers; you are surfeited with the statistics of prosperity, the figures that indicate the bountiful harvest, the unparalleled trade, the evidence of prosperity in all sections of our country and in nearly all lines of business.

If I am to bring to you the sermon of 1906 this morning I must go behind these figures, divorce life from dollars, distinguish between bank deposits and character accumulations. I will not stop to argue what history proves over and over again, that physical accumulations are no measure of permanence or of power, O, if it were only possible to measure the serenity and joy, the peace and potency of the life within by the façade of the house, or by the footings of the bank book, how simple would be the task of estimating 1906! But all will admit that prosperity may and often does make for the debility of the state and the damnation of the individual. The shallowest of all conceits, the most arrogant of all assumptions, the most foolish of all hopes, are those that rest on commercial triumphs, business success or material plenty. In the great emergencies of life, in the awful sorrows of the home, even the agonies of the body, we promptly come to that point where dollars are dross; gold is trash; silks, satins and diamonds are a burden; the very thought of them is nauseating.

It would seem as though this lesson is taught with peculiar emphasis in this chapter of revelation we call "1906." This old globe of ours has rolled uneasily on its axis; it has writhed as with an inward pain. Quiescent Vesuvius grew malignant; the American continent has tipped, crinkled, cracked, and exploded, bringing the unparalleled calamities of San Francisco and Valparaiso.

In spite of, if not on account of, this boasted prosperity, life has been recklessly sacrificed. Railroad presidents have been crushed on the roads which they created; tortured to death in the luxurious cars of their own construction. Multi-millionaires have been plunged into horrible death by their own costly, powerful, extravagant auto-cars.

I will not undertake to enforce this lesson by figures, for there is nothing more deadening to human sensibilities than figures. Beyond a certain point the human imagination cannot vitalize them. Few people can think, even commercially, in any vital way in six figures. These mighty columns of statistics seer the imagination like a hot iron, rendering the soul incapable of sensation. Figures of success are the narcotics of conscience. They soothe the nerves as do tobacco, alcohol and other drugs, by stupefying them.

Let one illustration alone suffice. A writer in the June *North American Review*, who was characterized by the publishers as one of "the most profound philosophers living in the United States," said that "since New Year's day up to the time of writing (and this article appeared in June) the great auto-cars in the United States had killed more people on the public highways than were killed in the war between the United States and Spain." And still, sensitive women, undeveloped boys and girls, half-trained amateurs, are allowed, by the prudences of the home, public leniency, as well as their own consciences, to merrily exploit our streets in defiance to police regulations and the cautions of the moral, to say nothing of the religious life.

So here today, at the outset of my sermon, let me insist that there is but little virtue *per se* in mere accumulations; but little ethical credit due us as individuals or as a nation for the accumulating fortunes and the ever increasing aggregations of the banks. Confessedly they represent the not very skillful exploitation of the unlimited resources of mine and field, of soil, of river, and cloud. The ingenuity of science has discovered, and the skill of the mechanic has learned to skillfully handle, but no man or combination of men has yet learned how to make a pound of coal, a pint of petroleum, aye, even a single grain of corn, a two-hundred-pound shoat or a three-year-old steer. The mysteries of creation, the potencies of nature, the geologic wealths and the astronomic providences, are still beyond the realm of human creation. We may use, alas! we may wickedly waste, but we cannot create in these directions.

Herein lie the indestructible foundations of democracy. Birth-throes are as painful and as dangerous in the palace as in the hovel. Cancer and consumption are no respecter of persons, and it is beyond the power of the undertaker to rob the coffin of its dreariness or to shroud or shield the desolation of the grave.

"The millionaires who laugh are rare," says Carnegie, and he is in a position to know whereof he speaks. So if we are to estimate the spiritual legacy of 1906 we must resolve it, as science resolves matter itself, into a bundle of potencies, imponderable forces that persist and abide continuously.

The noble dead represent such a permanent asset. In the world of letters, of scholarship and of reform, those who have been truth-seekers and truth-tellers are the real contributors to the wealth of the ages. They have been joined this year by Henrik Ibsen, the grim Scandanavian, a belated Viking who injected into the drama the life of the new day; he made it once more a propounder of problems, a revealer of motives, an analyzer of conduct.

It is a far cry from the great Norwegian to the Ohio elevator boy, but Paul Lawrence Dunbar was a

brother; his eyes penetrated the screens and discovered the workings of the human heart. He was the son of slaves, an untainted African, but his songs conquered a place for themselves on both sides of the Atlantic. The cultivated critics of England and the humble cotton-pickers of the South rejoice in and were glorified by his "Songs of the Lowly."

Professor Currie, the discoverer of radium, and our own Professor Ward of Chicago, were pitiably crushed out of life by reckless wheels in a public street this last year.

Dr. Harper of Chicago, Professor Shailer of Harvard, Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institute, Professor Lane of the Chicago public schools, and Professor Frankenberger of Wisconsin University represent the long line of splendid school masters, shepherds of intellect, that we have lost this year.

Carl Schurz, Representative Hitt from Illinois, Rockwood Hoar of Massachusetts, and twenty-three ex-members of congress indicate the vacant places in the line of public servants. Carl Schurz as an European refugee, brought hither in his youth a vision of liberty, an enthusiasm for democracy, which, through all the vicissitudes of the field, the sanctum, the rostrum, and public office, he never lost. Few are the names that are found in that illuminating line of public servants who lived and died in the untainted and untainting atmosphere of the ideal,—Charles Sumner, George William Curtis, Carl Schurz! One hesitates to name the next name in the list.

In the death of Congressman Hitt, Illinois apparently lost its last public servant who accepted statesmanship as a vocation; who carried the single purpose of a scholar into public office, and to the end was too much a servant of the public to be a hustler in his own interest; a manipulator of wires and a builder of fences.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the writer to children; Richard Garnett, a learned curator of the British Museum and a maker of high verse; Michael Davitt, the dauntless Irish patriot; Jules Breton, the matchless French painter of rural life and rustic scenes; H. O. Houghton, the publisher who loved the books he made; Senator Gorman of Maryland, Governor Pattison of Ohio, are among the contributors of 1906 to history.

James E. Scripps, who claimed to be the first biographer of Lincoln; Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and a long line of generals from both sides of the battle line of '61-5, indicate the passing into the clear, hospitable light of history of men and problems that once stood in the lurid light of passion and strain.

Frederick E. Dewhurst, L. G. Dinsmore, Edwin Burritt Smith, were Chicago workers who stood for a progressive interpretation and a practical application of the problems of religion.

To my mind, the "noblest Roman of them all" was the dauntless Susan B. Anthony, the story of whose long life is an epic of valor; militant, benignant, inexorable, humane, fearless, but modest mouthpiece of the nineteenth century. Early in life she championed a great prophetic cause, lived to see the sneers changed into cheers, hisses into kisses. She who for years was the most ridiculed of women was the most lamented of all the worthy dead of 1906. But in death as in life she resents compliment; she calls for action; her unfinished task is ours.

To mention the names of Marshall Field, Otto Young and Russell Sage is to mention conspicuous illustrations of what a man may accomplish in business in the present day when he brings to it absorbing devotion, matched by measureless greed of accumulation, a mountainous determination to succeed, undistracted by a disturbing public spirit, civic enthusiasm, or far-reaching philanthropic hopes and purposes. Marshall Field and Otto Young left behind them as they went out of the world elaborate schemes, carefully pondered, to perpetuate their fortunes, to keep them intact for their own posterity; a scheme which may prove as unkind to posterity as it is untrue to democracy and progress.

The most permanent bequests of time are those transmitted through books. The book market is a better index of the vitality and happiness of a people than is the silk market or the quotations of the stock exchange.

If there has been any great contribution to literature in the realms of poetry, fiction, art, history or criticism during the last year, I do not know what they are. This is not saying that there have not been many desirable volumes published and the stock of good reading materially increased. In the absence of great creation, the next most valuable books are those that help interpret and perpetuate such contributions.

Such books are Dr. George Brandes, the great Dane, on Reading, which has been put into English; Bradford Torrey's "Friends on the Shelf," and Professor Dawson's more solid and systematic three-volume work, "Makers of English Fiction, Poetry and English Prose."

This has been a rich year in biographies. The Autobiography of Andrew D. White has been pronounced by David Starr Jordan as the noblest contribution of the year; Moncure D. Conway's "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East" is a fascinating supplement to his autobiography of the year preceding.

The Lincoln books continue to multiply. At least five or more notable additions have been made this year. A one-volume condensation of the ten-volume Life by Nicolay & Hay, edited by John G. Nicolay, which contains in the one volume the essential facts of the President's great life, "A Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Helen Nicolay; Alonzo Rothschild's "Lincoln as a Master of Men," a study in character; Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer," and Clark E. Carr's interesting story and analysis of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. These volumes are necessary to the Lincoln collector, and they ought to have a conspicuous place on more than one shelf in the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

The time seems ripe for a new life of Alexander the Great, which was given us by President Wheeler, of the University of California. The story of Alexander's martial conquests is sufficiently understood by the world; its significance has been over-estimated, perhaps; it has fired too many ambitions; but Alexander's task of reconstructing national ideals and compelling Asia to face westward, his work in turning Greek thought and life loose upon the world, his greatest work in founding and promoting Alexandria, the great metropolis on the Nile, has not been adequately appreciated. In that city the commercial prowess of Chicago was anticipated, and its place as a center of culture, as a promoter of the arts and sciences, as the home of scholarship, far exceeds the achievements of Chicago in the same length of time.

In the realm of poetry there is but little to show, so far as I know. As citizens of Chicago, it is interesting for us to know that one of our veterans, E. O. Gale, a man who has spent a long life in the busy whirl of Chicago commerce, has this year shown us

that through it all the heart of the poet was kept throbbing, and his "Falling Leaves" is more than a passing witness to the perennial joys of poetry and the possible subordination of business to thought and love.

As a western man, I have been again interested in the collected poems of Amanda T. Jones, a Kansas singer, a veritable prairie flower. Her poems, which reflect the experiences of the pioneer and the reformer through the vicissitudes of fifty years, have been collected in one comely volume, which has commanded the respect of eastern critics.

The publishers have also collected at last into a handsome, definitive edition, the poems of E. R. Sill, the gentle singer of California. He sang the songs of the spiritual life in terms of science and modern experience.

Our own Wilbur D. Nesbit has collected the effusions of the "Line-o-type man" and the "Innocent By-Stander" in a volume which deserve the permanent binding.

Perhaps the most significant indication in the publication world is the increasing interest in Walt Whitman. No less than four new lives have appeared, two of them written in England; one by Edward Carpenter, his disciple and colleague; the other by Henry Bryan Binns. The American book, by Bliss Perry, is probably the sanest, best balanced, and most satisfactory of the many lives that have already been received. "With Walt Whitman in Camden," written by Horace Traubel, who has been called the "Boswell of Whitman," contains a mass of first-hand material,—conversation, stories,—gathered from notes and memoranda collected on the spot. Much in these books deserves the epithet of a writer in the current *Atlantic Monthly*,—"The nude in biography." Whatever Whitman's theory may have been, in practice he grew to respect, aye, to court, the privacies of life. The fate of "Peeping Tom" awaits the eye that refuses to recognize the difference between a man's strength and his weakness; between what is worthy of publicity and emulation and what is to be deplored and allowed to pass into the obscurity that belongs to the transient, the imperfect, and the perishable elements in the human soul.

In the field of fiction, one new novel by Sienkiewicz —"On the Field of Glory," Jack London's "The White Fang," Kipling's "The Puck of Pook's Hill" and Winston Churchill's "Coniston" are not likely to go untested.

Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton's "Hebrew Life and Thought," Goldwin Smith's "In Quest of Light," George A. Gordon's (minister of Old South Church, Boston) "Through Man to God," and, best and strongest of them all, our own Professor Foster's "The Finality of the Christian Religion," are significant interpretations of the theological trend of the year. They came from the inside of orthodoxy to show that the barriers that were once formidable fortifications, bristling with aggressive cannon and bayonet, have become thinner than a sheet of paper, and that the old line of demarkation between orthodoxy and heterodoxy is a thing of tradition. Conservatives and radicals there are in religion today, but the one class represents the complacent, the lazy, the indifferent and dogmatic elements in all the churches, and the other represents the progressive, the seeking, the fearless, which are found in all the denominations, reaching from the Catholic church out and on.

"The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations," by a native solicitor general of Ceylon, published by the Putnam's Sons, and Professor Jackson's last work on "Persia, Past and Present," indicate that the interest in Oriental religions and their value to the western mind is not abated.

In the realms of Sociology the most notable and valuable contribution is probably "Man, the Social Creator," a book gathered from the writings of the late lamented Henry D. Lloyd by Miss Jane Addams and Miss Anna Withington. Here Lloyd's character as a prophet and preacher of righteousness comes out with a clearness which his contemporaries scarcely realized when he moved among them.

Charles Dole's "The Spirit of Democracy," Frederick Howe's "The Confessions of a Monopolist," Louis Post's "The Ethical Principles of Marriage and Divorce," are all stimulating contributions to current thought and life.

Annie Payson Call's "Every Day Living," President Eliot's "Great Riches," Hugo Munsterberg's "Science and Idealism," David Starr Jordan's "Life's Enthusiasms," and Bert Estes Howard's "The Shepherd's Quest," are books that help us live. While Ernest Ingersoll's "The Wit of the Wild," J. Howard Moore's "Universal Kinship," G. Wharton James' "Story of Scraggles," his pet sparrow, are books that widen the sympathies and enlarge the boundaries of kinship throughout the realms of the sentient world; books which should be read by old and young, for they not only modify the Anglo-Saxon conceit, but rebuke the still more towering arrogance of the genus homo who assumes that the universe was called into being to minister to him, and that life, love, reason, duty, the power of suffering and the struggle to rise, first came into being with man.

From the American Unitarian Association comes a handful of beautiful little biographies,—"Father Taylor," "Cap'n Chadwick" and "American Leaders," by Robert Collyer, John Chadwick and President Eliot.

Ernest Crosby has given us a little book on "Golden Rule Jones," while "The Faith That Makes Faithful" has reached its thirty-fifth thousand. After twenty years it still is going, a record perhaps scarcely equalled by any volume of plain sermons put forth by the American press during that time.

But notwithstanding all these attractive books, the sad, sober truth is forced upon us that this is not either a book-buying or a book-reading year. Those who watched the Christmas trade testify that the book shelves were neglected in the interest of the knick-nacks, the trinkets, the evanescent calendars and keep-sakes; and this not always or chiefly for economy's sake, for good books are cheaper today than most any other good things, but because the patience, the concentration of attention necessary to the enjoyment of a book seems sadly menaced.

Wrote one of the leading publishers of Boston, himself a lover and maker of great books, to me the other day: "The publishing business is in a very unfortunate condition just now; there seems to be little if anything sold but miserable flashy novels and other books of the day. Browning is perhaps the only exception. At all events, he is probably the only poet who is much read nowadays."

No wonder that 1906 was not a reading year! We have the strenuous Roosevelt as a legitimate product of his time; a type of his age. Truly, something has been doing on many lines, some of them high lines. The Pan-American congress, the inter-parliamentary

union, efforts to reach the North Pole, to sail through the air; "from Cape to Cairo," is the cry of those who exploit the "Dark continent," now "dark" not from ignorance of its primitive inhabitants, but "dark" from the greed and lying of its would-be civilized invaders. The wrongs of Congo, the confusion of Algeciras, the unrequited atrocities of the Boer war, have absorbed the attention of the humanitarians as well as of the capitalist.

On the Western Continent railroad communications from Alaska to Patagonia was exploited at the Kansas City Congress. Our Secretary of State in his visit to the South American republics, as well as the international congress at Rio Janeiro, shows that we are beginning to recognize the human as well as the commercial interest in that most foreign of all lands to the citizens of the United States,—the mighty dominions of South America. It will not always be said to our reproach that while the seas between New York and Liverpool and other European ports are gay with great steamship lines, the traveler to Brazil and Buenos Ayres finds it most convenient to sail hither via Liverpool.

There has been much accomplished in 1906. After seventeen years of effort a pure food law has been passed; a far-reaching railroad rate bills have been enacted; Roosevelt has outstretched Bryan in his effort to curb wealth and to bring great commercial combinations under the direction of the law.

In speaking of the new books I did not mention "The Jungle," because as a literary event its appearance was trifling. But sociologically and politically its appearance was the event of the year. The interest it awakened, perhaps the results of the excitement, were more far-reaching than the earthquake convulsions of San Francisco itself; $10,000,000 represent the relief fund to San Francisco; $2,500,000 was the contribution of the government; 2,000 carloads of supplies from different cities in the country; and still these figures pale in their significance compared with the greater figures that represent the financial interests involved and the still greater humanitarian interests at stake that gathered around the agitation, investigation and the legislation promoted, if not created, by "The Jungle."

So we see the greatest contribution of 1906 to 1907 is found in its unsolved problems, chief of which is the question of how to consecrate the accumulations of human toil and ingenuity; how to check illicit exploitations of capital; how to keep master-minds, the great captains of industry, within statutory bounds; how to give the small man an equal chance with the big man, in his effort to provide for himself and his children, in his quest for comfort and plenty, are the the perplexing problems not yet solved. But 1906 went a great way towards the solution of this problem. There remains the bigger problem of how to consecrate legitimate wealth; how to save the successful accumulator from himself; how to conserve the great resources of nature to the advantage, not of a few, but of everybody.

In this direction great headway has been made. Chicago's triumph in its struggle to wrench its own property from the greedy grasp of private capital is the most encouraging event of the year, not only to Chicago, but to the friends of democracy everywhere.

This year over 21,000,000 acres have been added to our national forest reserves, making a total area exceeding in extent New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined. This year the spoilation of Niagara Falls by money-making corporations has been arrested. This year corrupt methods in politics, the malign influence of corporations over campaign committees by corruption funds, has been exposed and probably to a great extent terminated. The fact that W. R. Hearst came within 58,000 votes of being elected Governor of New York, in spite of so many unsavory practices and undesirable extravagances, show how earnest the people are growing in their desire for reform and for righteous administration. For let it always be remembered that Hearst's triumph comes not on account of his weakness or his vices, but on account of his fearless contentions for things right and desirable. When the man comes along who will combine with the fearless contentions and abundant resources of W. R. Hearst, a spotless life, a winning personality, a conscience without reproach, then there will be such a demonstration of high leadership as this country has never known since the days of Abraham Lincoln.

If I could cut through this wilderness of facts, escape from the figures and the details, I would be enabled to show you three great abiding problems, to the solution of which 1906 has made tremendous progress. These are the questions of Race justice within our national boundaries, of peace among nations, and the consecration of wealth to the higher interests of society. Spite of the vulgarity of the "Clansman," the violence of Tillman and Vardaman, the unspeakable wrongs of southern lynchings, the negro's place as a man among men, his rights as a member of the human family, his right to any place that his ability can command, his right to enjoy any privileges that his culture or industry may open to him, has been advanced during the year.

There is no solution, there can be no solution, of the race question, but the recognizing of the right of every race to be, by a re-reading of the Declaration of Independence, the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. Ten million human beings cannot be wiped out of existence; they cannot be crowded back into subjection or into slavery; there is nothing to do with them but to give them a show, full show; give them a chance to determine their own place in the world; to play fair the game of life, with Negro or Japanese; with Chinaman or Hindu; with Jew or Gentile. This is the only solution of the race question. I know not what is meant by "social equality," but if President Roosevelt's dictum of a "square deal for every man" is social equality, then the negro is entitled to nothing less, and shame on the man or body of men who refuse to recognize the same.

In 1906 Tuskegee came to its triumphant quarter-centennial, and the glory of that event is not an exceptional candle throwing its solitary rays into a dark realm, but the brightest light in an avenue of light, illuminating with hope and promise the darkest life in the darkest spot of darkest Africa.

This last year the British government built the largest battleship afloat. The feat was accomplished in twelve months—a mighty floating fortress with its mighty enginery of death crowned with twelve 12-inch steel guns. We are utterly incompetent to conceive what this means in a scientific or economic sense, but spite of all that, it is a plaything and the thought world will not take it seriously. President Roosevelt took the Nobel prize, spite of all his strenuosity and philosophy of the "big stick" and predilections to the military, because of his achievement as a peacemaker.

Even Russia has come to its Douma, and though it was dismissed by the edict of the Czar, a great Euro-

pean statesman cried, "The Douma is dead. Long live the Douma!"

They are having troublesome times over in France. The state and the church are in unfortunate conflict. The result is plain; the solution simple. Domination of the one by the other must give way to fraternal co-operation and cordial reciprocation. If religion can achieve this within the bounds of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, well; if not, all the same, it must be realized.

The Kentucky school boy, as quoted by the *Louisville Journal,* objected last year to the union of the Presbyterian Church North and the Presbyterian Church South because he said, "It is all there is left us of the war." That boy had a prophetic soul. Religious amity and co-operation will wipe away the last vestige of sectional strife as it will overcome sectarian bigotry. The Crapsey trial was one step forward; another victory in defeat; another disgrace in triumph. Crapsey and his cause were strengthened. The hierarchy that threw it out was proven thereby dyspeptic, incapable of wholesome digestion, and suffering on that account from malnutrition.

The last problem I mentioned was the problem of consecrating wealth to high purposes. I mean legitimate wealth; I mean that accumulation of matter which ever waits upon trained brains and skilled hands. "How did he get it?" has been the question of the newspaper this last year. "What are you going to do with it, now that you have it?" will be the question next year. The world is getting sick of the vulgar show, the brazen exhibit, the reckless waste, the vicious financiering, that masks under the guise of art, charity, or social amenities. Our "charity balls," our "Streets of Paris," our "Tillman hospital funds," "horse shows," "fat stock shows," accounts of women's dresses hundred-thousand-dollar diamond tiaras, flaunted in column after column of technical phraseology in the daily newspapers, while our streets are filled with mud ankledeep, our alleys are reeking with putridity, our churches closed, while little children haunt the gutters and little boys hang around saloon entrances, picking up the stub ends of cigars because there is no place open for them, no room lighted and warmed, no chance for them to direct the accumulating energies of life at bench or lathe. And so, their God-given power, turned in upon itself, makes rowdies and criminals out of them.

Rockefeller has, it is said, "given" $2,907,000 to the treasury of the Chicago University. We rejoice in the added strength given to the University, but the benediction of a *"gift"* waits not upon the donor, who still is far beyond the outermost limits of self-sacrifice, who dares to assume that that is his to give which by primal right belongs to the commonwealth of man, the interest of the race. I care not whether the wealth be traceable to the oil, which he did not make, or to the ingenuity of his brain, which is also a gift of the gods, not of his creation. Wealth in either case carries with it responsibilities, and the more righteous the accumulation, the more exacting should the administration be. We may not expect of a robber a sense of responsibility or a conscientious administration of his plunder. The first defiance bargains for the second defiance. But the honest man who has acquired his money on conscientious lines is still bound by the inexorable ties of duty and conscience. Not until private extravagance and indulgence will be subordinated to public weal and civic betterment can we look for honest wealth and honorable capitalists.

So the measure of the prosperity of 1906 is not in its accumulations, not in its indulgences, but in its consecrations. The reports say that about five million dollars were invested in Chicago last year in automobiles, forty per cent more than the year before. I rejoice in the automobile, it is one more extention of power. I wish we all had one, perhaps we ought to have one; but I say that he who justifies pinching economy and retrenchment towards the common life of the community, the common duties of society, because of his added expenses in establishing these personal extravagances, is in danger of mental confusion and in the way of ethical stolidity. For even the millionaire himself, as I have stated before, can profit by his own millions only as they are safeguarded, interpreted, illuminated, sanctified by the commonwealth of which they are, or ought to be, a part.

I have left me not a moment to speak of things near at home. The Abraham Lincoln Centre looks back upon its first year of life with pride and encouragement. We have demonstrated the sanity of our venture; we have proven the workability of this plant; we will come to our annual in-gathering next Thursday. I hope, with such bills as the ledger can take note of paid or provided for. What next? Are we equal to our opportunity? Have we courage to go ahead and justify our past investment, the present expectations, and the loving anxieties that lurk in unnumbered hearts, who, near and far, are watching us? Aye, the blessed ones gone have bequeathed to us their unfinished tasks. Unborn generations are begging of us to enrich their inheritance.

Are we equal to this task? Let 1907 bring its answer to this desk twelve months hence.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Signs of Progress

All UNITY readers are interested in the practical coöperation of religious forces and the out-working of influences which tend to place religion on a fundamental and universal basis, no matter what the character or the means employed. We rejoice in spasmodic and limited coöperation not only because evidence is thereby furnished of the validity of the Congress evangel, but also because these things herald a larger and more abiding federation of forces. The union of the three denominations projected at Dayton, Ohio, a year ago, seems to be moving on to fruition and the recent meeting at Pittsburg recorded many achievements which promise satisfactory results. This, too, is an indication of a still greater movement which will involve many other denominations. For the benefit of our readers who may not see the *Congregationalist* we clip two or three articles along these lines which will be read with interest. Let the good work go on until the widening sweep of brotherliness shall make manifest to us the real Fatherhood of God in whom we profess to believe. C. A. O.

PROGRESS TOWARD TRI-CHURCH UNION.

Plans for the union of Congregationalists, Methodist Protestants and United Brethren, as put forth by the committees which met last month at Pittsburg seem to have been approved with practical unanimity in all these three denominations. The denominational papers have spoken heartily in its favor. Many expressions have come to us from various parts of the country showing satisfaction with progress made and confidence in ultimate union as the result. A reporter of the committee meetings in the *Methodist Recorder* wrote: "The ses-

sions were characterized by a spirit of brotherly love. No one who heard all the discussions could have questioned the presence and spirit of the Master. To an outsider, an invited spectator, nothing but a sincere desire on the part of the members of the committees to do the will of Christ was seen.'' This same spirit seems to be pervading these denominations as they consider the plans and prospects of union. It is especially important now that our congregations should be informed of what is proposed and being done in this matter and what union will mean. Every pastor should speak about it and pray for it. Meetings for prayer and conferences should give time to it. A great blessing will come to the churches if the spirit of brotherly love which has been so manifest in the committees shall be roused to new activity to fuse together these denominations.

AN EVANGEL TO SEEKERS OF WEALTH.

Wall street in New York would seem to present the most difficult field in the world for evangelistic effort. It is the chief center of America's traffic in stocks and bonds, and in the hours when the stock exchange is open, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., many millions of dollars' worth of property change hands every day. Yet last summer an evangelist, Rev. William Wilkinson, held a daily meeting at the noon hour in front of the Custom House in Wall street, preaching a short sermon ''for the promotion of moral and ethical ideas among men.'' Large numbers turned aside from business at its climax to hear him, and when the season closed last month he received, amid prolonged cheers from the ''Wall street congregation,'' engrossed resolutions and a gold watch as expressions of appreciation of his services. Replying, Mr. Wilkinson said he had been trying to impress on the men of New York the fact that goodness after all was what counted for most in this world; that while the nation is great in many ways, it is greatest because of its righteousness.

TANGIBLE RESULTS OF FEDERATION.

The federation of churches is steadily overcoming the doubts and criticisms that spring out of an insufficient knowledge of the results of its work as well as its methods and aims. In a recent Brooklyn campaign it has added sixty families to the rolls of the well known Trinity Church, under Dr. Melish, twenty families to a Methodist church and thirty more to the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterians, while Dr. McAfee expects to recover forty more. In Manhattan, Dr. Paddock has had the same experience in the Church of the Holy Apostles on the lower West Side, and similar results have matured at Flushing and on Staten Island. The first success and the permanent hold on these people alike, depend on all the Protestant pastors having faith to a persistent propaganda of parish cooperation.—*Congregationalist.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Great Gifts. Two new gifts of great size have been reported with the new year. Rockefeller gives nearly $3,000,000 more to Chicago University, and Carnegie gives $750,000 for a building for the Bureau of American Republics. A glance at a published list of great benefactions during 1906 shows that enormous sums are being diverted yearly to such purposes. While such gifts are in general well directed, the question must arise some time how far we are to be dominated by the ''dead hand,'' even for benevolent purposes.

Choice of Senators. Colorado and Michigan have been more or less stirred up during the past week over the choice of a United States senator. In Colorado a rich man named Guggenheim has secured the Republican legislative nomination, which is equivalent to an election. There is no apparent reason for his election except his wealth and his connection with the mine owners, and reports are freely circulated that his nomination was secured by the use of money in all too familiar ways. In Michigan the senatorial campaign has been thrown into confusion by the issuing of a statement by Governor Warner, from a sick-bed, charging that the leading candidate, Arthur Hill, of Saginaw, had used improper means to secure the position. He also scored Atwood, the most influential politician of the state, for having gone over to Hill's support after telling the governor that he was opposed to him. This is regarded as a brave move on the part of the governor, as he undoubtedly owes his election to Atwood's influence. In consequence of the governor's action the legislative caucus adjourned till the 9th. Hill is a wealthy man of high local reputation. He indignantly denies any wrongdoing, but is said to have admitted the paying of the campaign expenses of certain candidates for the legislature, which he claimed to be customary. It is also charged in Lansing that $500 apiece was offered for votes in his behalf.

Stopping Unlawful Use of Land. The president has issued an order that on and after April 1 all illegal fences on public land shall be removed by the public authorities without waiting for individual complaints. This is undoubtedly the president's clear duty, but an anomalous condition could be easily remedied if Congress would pass a law permitting the leasing for grazing purposes of large tracts of land unfitted for cultivation and of value only in such tracts for the pasturing of live stock. Suitable protection of land capable of being used for agricultural purposes would of course be necessary.

Chinese Ingenuity. The Chinese have curious ways of getting out of difficulties. An instance of this has been announced which will give encouragement, not only to missionaries, but to all who desire the upbuilding of China. An imperial edict raises Confucius to the same rank as heaven and the earth, which are worshipped by the emperor alone. It is believed, says the dispatch, that this action is in deference to the religious scruples of the Christian students in the government colleges, who object to ''kowtow,'' as required by immemorial custom, before the tablet of Confucius.

Important Decisions. Two important legal decisions have been given in the United States courts during the past week affecting the regulation of United States commerce. In Louisville Judge Evans of the Federal court held the employer's liability bill, designed to protect railroad employees, to be unconstitutional as going beyond the limits of the regulation of interstate commerce. The case will, of course, be appealed to the supreme court. It is important, not only for itself, but also as possibly affecting the validity of the pure food and meat inspection laws. If such laws are found to be unconstitutional it will give a new impulse to the demand for a revision of that noble, but somewhat antiquated document, the Constitution of the United States. On the other hand, Judge Landis, in Chicago, overruled the demurrer of the Standard Oil Company in the rebate prosecutions, from which so much was feared, and that corporation must answer to the indictments. It will have a hard task.

Railroad Wrecks. Two horrible railroad wrecks, one in Kansas and the other just outside the city of Washington, have brought once more into prominence the great contrast, with regard to safety, in the management of our railroads as compared with those of Europe. The much vaunted block system has failed of success for two reasons: First, the fact that it depends entirely on the seeing and obeying of the signals by engineers, and second, that under pressure of business railroads have broken over the system, running as many as three different trains in a block instead of but one, as the system calls for, and that they have arranged an ''elastic'' system by which blocks have been made longer and shorter at frequent intervals, sometimes changing back and forth daily. One of the wrecks was due to the confusion arising from this change. It is important to note, however, that the Northwestern Railroad Company has made the block system a success by means of its strict discipline. Trainmen do see the signals if their jobs depend on it. Since these wrecks have occurred it cannot but seem fortunate that one of them was so near Washington, thus bringing the matter home to members of Congress, and urging them on to more efficient legislation on this subject. The interstate commerce commission is to make a thorough investigation of various systems proposed and now in use, in order to report to Congress an efficient one, which yet shall be applicable to the smaller as well as to the greater roads. T. D. B.

Back Numbers Wanted

To complete our files we wish back numbers of UNITY—issues of Sept. 20 and Nov. 22. Any of our subscribers willing to send us these copies we will gladly provide with any other numbers desired, or extend subscriptions accordingly.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Needs there groan a world in anguish just to teach us sympathy?

MON.—Narrow ways are well to tread when there's moss beneath the footsteps, honeysuckle overhead.

TUES.—Take the joys and bear the sorrows—neither with extreme concern.

WED.—Truth is truth in each degree thunder pealed by God to Nature, whispered by my soul to me.

THURS.—There's ever some one lives although ourselves be dead.

FRI.—Can we love but on condition that the thing we love must die?

SAT.—Must the rose sigh "Pluck—I perish?
Must the eye weep "Gaze—I fade."
Every sweet warn "Ware my bitter!
Every shine bid "Wait my shade?"
—*Robert Browning, in La Saisialz.*

Home

Alone beside the hill
Long years a house has stood.
Near by a litle rill
In summer sings;
And just beyond, a wood
Where bird song rings
In June. In open field
The autumn harvests yield.

But now the rill
Is frozen fast;
The wood is still;
The field is swept by blast
Of icy wind.
Naught to remind
Of gladsome ways
Of summer days.

The house upon the hill,
A home, defies
The snow and chill
And wintry skies.
Hearts sing the tune
Of harvests, bird and rill;
Love keeps its June
In winter, by the hill.
—T. CLINTON BROCKWAY, *Greeley, Colo.*

For You and Me

"I have come to speak to you about your work," said the Angel-who-attends-to-things. "It appears to be unsatisfactory."

"Indeed!" said the man. "I hardly see how that can be. Perhaps you will explain."

"I will," said the Angel. "To begin with, the work is slovenly."

"I was born heedless," said the man. "It is a family failing which I have always regretted."

"It is ill put together, too," said the Angel. "The parts do not fit."

"I never had any eye for proportion," said the man; "I admit it is unfortunate."

"The whole thing is a botch," said the Angel. "You have put neither brains nor heart into it, and the result is ridiculous failure. What do you propose to do about it?"

"I credited you with more comprehension," said the man. "My faults, such as they are, were born with me. I am sorry that you do not approve of me, but this is the way I was made; do you see?"

"I see!" said the Angel. He put out a strong white hand and, taking the man by the collar, tumbled him neck and crop into the ditch.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the man, as he scrambled out breathless and dripping. "I never saw such behavior. Do you see what you have done? You have ruined my clothes and nearly drowned me besides."

"Oh, yes," said the Angel; "this is the way *I* was made."—*Laura E. Richards, in The Silver Crown.*

A Sunday Fifty Years Ago

It seemed so long to breakfast time; for, instead of the week day six o'clock, it was eight. That was the chief meal of the day,—a delicious chicken prepared the day before.

Father asked the blessing, and then grandma always had a beautiful thought of our mercies, and her good cheer became the keynote of the day.

Ours was one of the New England households where no servant was kept; and after breakfast we children helped in various ways, all the work having been previously planned to leave the least possible for the holy day.

At nine o'clock the church bell rang loud and long. This was called "the get-ready bell." We were taught to be punctual; and, though the church was just across the street, we were all ready and assembled for some minutes before the last bell gave the signal to go.

Grandma was stately in her black silk, and mother in one of soft brown, with chemisette of her own exquisite embroidery, while we children were in white India muslin with poke bonnets framing our little faces.

It was in days of high pulpits; and how impressive the minister looked as he lifted one hand and simply said; "Let us pray!" The sermon was divided into sections,—firstly, secondly, and so on, even to thirteenthly,—and filled with Foreordination and Predestination, and like doctrines that fell without meaning on our childish ears.

The pews were straight-backed; and, oh, how long the sermon seemed! If it had not been for our sprigs of caraway and a few peppermint drops, it seemed as if we never could have sat still so long. What a relief when it was time to sing! The choir was a large chorus in the gallery opposite the pulpit, and the people wanted to see the choir. So, with great rustling of hoop-skirts, the congregation turned and faced the choir. There was no uncertain sound from that quarter: "Joy to the World" and "Rise, My Soul," filled the plain old church, and glorified it with real worship. No singer, not even the leader, was paid; and to be a member of the choir was a coveted honor.

Sunday School came directly after service, and much of the time was used in repeating Bible chapters. The superintendent had offered three finely bound Bibles as prizes to those who would commit to memory the greatest number of verses, and the strife was intense. We thought but little then of what the chapters meant, but later those well-remembered verses have strengthened our hearts.

In the afternoon there was another service to which the older ones went, while we children read our Sunday School books at home.

One book, "The Giant-killer," by A. L. O. E., was a great favorite, and helped us to overcome the giants of selfishness and envy and anger, and to begin to live for others. "Patient Waiting no Loss," was a dear book, and "Father Brighthopes" was best of all.

Sunday was a very quiet day,—no walking and driving for pleasure, and almost no sign of work. When the church-goers had gone home, the village streets were nearly deserted.—*Mary J. Clark, in Every Other Sunday.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

HAPS AND MISHAPS IN AFRICA.—The twenty-sixth letter from Miss Emily Hobhouse has just come to hand. Its story of mingled good and ill-fortune will be read with lively interest and sympathy by all who have been following the progress of her developing home industries in the old South African republics. Under date of November 4, 1906, she writes:

"When I wrote last we were on the eve of removal, and now that has been accomplished and we are quite fairly located for a year at Johannesburg. It has been dreadfully difficult to squeeze ourselves and our appliances in even there, but we are fairly tight and tidy, having, however, no available inch to put more goods and chattels. Some twenty-five wheels, which could not be housed, I have stored in my box room in my tiny cottage. They were carried across here, two at a time, by the excellent Zimba, a Natal Zulu and a first-class boy. He works like a steam engine, is delightfully willing, never pauses, and never argues.

"The new school room is built of bricks and in consequence is far cooler; it can accommodate the 42-yard looms as well as several small ones, and the warping mill and all the rug looms. I was obliged to put up a tin cottage for a dye house and a store room for the finished articles; this has a brick floor, cemented. We put a big cupboard into it, lifted well off the ground on bricks, and therein packed our best things. But the mice are too many for us; they swarm, and, to our horror, they have eaten holes in various things, singling out the very choicest. Miss Rood was in tears when she found holes as big as a penny-piece in the very fine rug they have just completed. All the week has been spent in mending. How to fight the plague I don't know. I ought to buy tin boxes to pack the finished goods in, but that would not cover the difficulty, for the creatures are destroying the wool and the jute, and all our stores, making elaborate nests of these materials.

"Marion Rowntree is with us for a few days. She has brought up a case of beautiful articles from Philippolis, about £130 in value. On Tuesday next, we have invited about forty Johannesburg people to a private show before all the goods go to the Pretoria exhibition.

"A cheering piece of news is that this week I had a gift from America of £101 10s 8d. This money was given by the readers of the *Christian Herald* of New York. I have determined that it shall be spent upon looms, our greatest need at present. So, as Switzerland and Germany have provided the bulk of the wheels, the American friends will have given the looms. I think it will purchase twenty and pay the freightage.

"I have excellent news from our young teachers. One of them returned this week to Rustenburg, where she is to teach *Bijwoners* in their cottages around her farm. Our three best girls leave on December 1 and each will do good work wherever she goes. A new girl has come from Winburg, Johanna Wessels, one of an influential family. She, of course, can and does pay her own expenses; she is enthusiastic to learn in order to teach the poor.

"Did I tell you of the great hailstorm of ten days ago and how it spoilt everything in a few minutes My poor garden (purely a courtesy title) was shattered, the plants reduced to stems and all the fruit of the school garden knocked off. We could have made jam enough for a year.

"President Steyn's great dam, which stood dry all last year, filled at last. There was water enough for twelve months. Joy reigned at the farm, for their very being depends on this dam, and then—it burst and every drop is lost. It is hard to describe what this means. The twelve months' patient watching for the rain, the parched farm, the anxiety about crops and sheep, the relief when rain came at last, and the culminating disaster! Every hand upon the place is employed to mend the dam, if possible, in time to catch the summer rains.

"And now the locusts have come."

A week later she writes:

"Just a word to say that we had a successful little show of our girls' work. There is a large court behind the school, surrounded by a high fence; we determined to hang the goods on that and have tea in the middle. The effect was very gay and oriental. The gentlemen were all Thomases; they would not believe that we had made these beautiful articles with the wool of the country. Every one was very pleased."

In a note accompanying this letter, Mme. Degli Asinelli writes:

"You will rejoice, I know, in the success of the *Christian Herald;* the first article was written by Mrs. Barrows, then I sent now and then extracts, as you do in your UNITY. It is most encouraging and I like the idea of buying these precious looms with all the money that comes from America. Of course I send full lists of all the donors to Emily Hobhouse; thus she always knows whence the loving gifts come."

A money order to the amount of $28 is on its way to Mme. Degli Asinelli for Miss Hobhouse, from Chicago, as promised. We shall be happy to send another later should any other friend feel inspired to contribute to the American fund for looms.

Of the death of M. Elie Ducommun, longtime secretary of the International Peace Bureau at Bern, Mme. Degli Asinelli writes feelingly: "It was a dreadful blow for the family, as well as for us, members of the Peace. He was old, but, somehow or the other, some people seem to belong so much to a cause that they have no 'right' to ever leave us. What a mystery life is—and what a still greater one that last 'Farewell'!"

M. Ducommun looked so large, strong and vigorous as we saw him presiding at the Peace Congress at Lucern, that it seems almost incredible that he is gone.

MARY E. HAWLEY.

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Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

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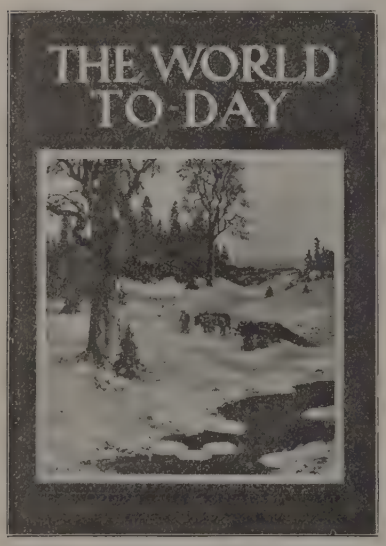

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Secretary Root and His Plea for Centralization By *David Graham Phillips*. Mr. Phillips is everywhere recognized as one of the most fearless and incisive champions of Fundamental Democracy, and this paper—which will appear in the February issue—by this strong and brilliant journalist will doubtless occasion much discussion.

Other Features of the January and February Issues are:

The Truth at the Heart of Capitalism and of Socialism. By Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph. D.

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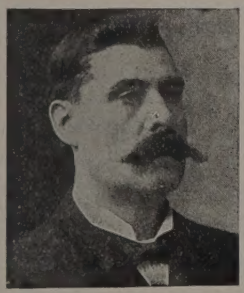
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